

THRILLING LIFE OF THE LEGIONAIRES

Americans Fighting in France's Army Distinguish Themselves for Deeds of Daring and Valor on the Battlefield.

PARIS (by mail to New York), June 23—Seven more Americans in the service of France have just been honored with military citations for brave exploits on the battlefield and for coolness under heavy fire. All of them are members of section 3, of the American ambulance field service, who, for the past eight months, has been experiencing some of the roughest work of the war in the Balkans.

Prominent among them are three New York boys, **Lovering Hill** and **Charles Baird**, both graduates of **Harvard**, and **Cornel Winant**, a Princeton graduate. This makes the third citation for Hill, who is assistant commander of the division and has already been mentioned in divisional orders of the day. Three others are from **Massachusetts**. They are **Daniel A. Sargent** of Boston, **Graham Carey** of Cambridge, and **Frank Baylies** of **New Bedford**. The seventh is **Donald Armour** of **Evans-ton, Ill.**

Hill's citation calls attention to the fact that for two years he has "lavished in the service of our wounded an indefatigable devotion served by the most brilliant qualities as a man and leader."

SAVE WOUNDED UNDER FIRE.

Baird and **Winant** were both cited for repeated acts of bravery during the evacuation of the French wounded soldiers from **Monastir**. The old Macedonian city has been under continuous shell fire from Bulgarian artillery ever since the German allies evacuated it. There has not been a day when it was safe to pass through the shell-wrecked city, much less drive an automobile ambulance through it. The roads were in plain sight of the Bulgarian trenches and in range of the Bulgarians heavy cannon. Between Dec. 10 last and March 26, **Baird** and **Winant** made from one to four trips across this dangerous ground, continuously under violent shell fire.

Sargent has distinguished himself more than once. He was in the thick of the fighting on the **Verdun** front and has cited for bravery in removing wounded through ground swept continually with German shells and shrapnel.

During March, a mission which even the official citation described as "particularly dangerous," was assigned to young **Sargent**, who was then on the Macedonian front. In the advanced trenches beyond **Monastir** a French superior officer lay grievously wounded. A bursting shell had torn one of his legs to shreds, making an immediate operation necessary. The Bulgarians were shelling the entire sector with shrapnel and asphyxiating shells. A volunteer was called for to

bring in the officer, and **Sargent** stepped forward. "You are taking your life in your hands," warned an officer. "I know it, sir," replied **Sargent**, saluting. "I am ready to go now."

COMPLETES EXPLOIT.

Over a road that was almost concealed by smoke from bursting shells **Sargent** drove his car, returning safely not only with the wounded officer, but two other wounded men as well.

Armour's exploits that won him signal recognition were similar to the others; that is, driving his car through heavy barrage fire for wounded.

Armour also had the honor to be the American who went the farthest with his ambulance during the fighting around **Fort Tavennes** during the battle of **Verdun**.

BURIED ALIVE, BUT SAVED.

The most horrible form of death that the great war has produced is burial alive by the explosion of a shell. A high school boy of New York, whose parents are Egyptians, had the unpleasant, and almost fatal experience of being buried alive by the dirt cast up by a bursting projectile and was interred for six hours before being rescued.

The young American soldier's life was saved just in the nick of time and he was carried off to an advanced dressing station screaming:

"Cut my head off; oh, God, cut my head off!" His name is **Rip Baer** and he has been in the foreign legion of the French army since the outbreak of the war. In August, 1914, he was studying art and literature in Paris and enlisted the day after war was declared. He had many thrilling experiences but the greatest occurred at the opening of the present French offensive in Champagne.

Baer's company was sent across a heavy barrage fire to attack a strongly fortified salient. Shells were falling right and left.

"There were so many of them we stopped thinking about them," declared **Baer**, who is now in the American hospital at **Huelli**. "All I remember is hearing one dreadful whistle and I said to myself, 'I'm done for. That's me.' That was the last thing I remember."

COMRADES TELL STORY.

Baer's comrades fill in the missing part of the story. A huge shell exploded about 10 feet away from the American, throwing earth all over him. It was only through a miracle that no part of the steel struck him but his friends were sure he was done for. Every sign of him had disappeared. It was only when a party of soldiers picking up the dead came along six hours later they discovered an arm sticking up through the dirt. They gave it a pull and found it was attached to a human body. They dug **Baer** out without any hope that he was alive, but there they were mistaken. The American was suffering from shell shock and the drum in his right ear had burst but he still breathed faintly.

At the advanced dressing station **Baer** was informed that he would never hear again and was sent to the rear. The latest reports from the American hospital are that he will regain his hearing and will be entirely recovered within a month.

The strain of Oriental blood in **Baer** manifested itself in a card he sent to an American woman, who frequently sent him packets of cigarettes. The card was written before the day of the attack.

"We are to attack tomorrow," wrote **Baer**. "The battle will be glorious, but even more glorious will be the victory."

Baer was nearly deprived of his part in the victory by a wound he received three months before in fighting in the same sector. He had not entirely recovered when he was buried alive. **Baer** had been on duty in a first line trench and was eating his lunch when a shell exploded some distance from him. A fragment of the steel struck his canteen which he had swung around to the front and drove it into his stomach with such force that a nasty gash was inflicted.

ASSIGNED TO PHONE DUTY.

When he got back on duty **Baer** was assigned to a less perilous post back of the second line on telephone duty, which he cordially hated. The news of the forthcoming attack was circulated and **Baer** asked the captain in charge to let him take part in it. The captain refused, declaring he was a good man for the present work he was doing and he reminded him that he was lax in drill work.

Determined to take part **Baer** picked a quarrel with the sergeant of his company, knowing that the punishment for such an offense was a period of duty on the first line where the fighting is hottest. His strategem won, for he was taken into custody for fighting and sentenced to 15 days in the first line trenches.

"Well," remarked **Baer** cheerfully, "if I get killed I won't have to serve the rest of my time."

But the young American had some compensation. In the early part of the attack, and before he was buried, **Baer** came upon a solitary German in a patch of woods through which his company was advancing. The German fired his rifle at **Baer**, and seeing he had missed, raised his arms crying "comrade."

Baer was asked what followed. "Oh, I just shot him through the heart and left him," replied the American coolly. "He was a coward anyway. He was not even fit to be a German, for the Germans fight well."

GENEROSITY COSTS LIFE.

Generosity toward the enemy cost the life of **James Paul** of **St. Louis, Mo.**, a member of the famous Foreign legion. **Paul** was known as "Fighting Jimmy" and he never failed to live up to his name. To be called one of the bravest men in the legion is a great honor and that was an honor held by "Fighting Jimmy."

Twenty-four hours before one of the general attacks

by the French in their present offensive in Champagne, **Paul** was sent out with a body of picked men to "worry" the Germans' first line with bombs.

Paul was the first man over the parapet and got safely through alone with a number of other Americans. After trying in vain to keep off the attackers with machine guns, the Germans scuttled into their dugouts. **Paul**, who was in advance, threw a dozen grenades into a dugout and called upon the skulkers to come out.

Only one German appeared. He threw up his arms, shouting "comrade," assuring **Paul** that the rest of the men inside were dead. Without taking the trouble to search the man for hidden weapons, **Paul** turned to another dugout. The instant his back was turned, the German drew an automatic pistol and fired. **Paul** fell backwards just as his fellow legion members followed.

GERMAN IS BAYONETTED.

The German fell with bayonet wounds in his body. Two of **Paul's** best friends, **Arthur Berry** of Boston, and **Christopher Charles** of Brooklyn, knelt beside him. **Paul** lay upon his back and there was a smile upon his face.

"You are not badly hurt, are you, Jimmy?" asked his friends.

There was no reply and they turned the body over. The bullet had penetrated the heart and death must have been instantaneous.

After that any German showing fight was ruthlessly bayoneted. Those who surrendered were spared although their trip from the front to the rear was far from pleasant.

After the position had been thoroughly cleared out the legion members retired, hearing with them **Paul's** body. Every man who could attended the simple funeral. Even wounded men hobbled out to the improvised cemetery.

Paul had been decorated for bravery at the battle of **Belley-en-Stanterie** on the **Somme** in July, 1916. At that time single handed he held a section of a trench, after his seven companions had been killed.

Someone once referred to **St. Louis** as a German city.

"That's not true," exclaimed **Paul**. "It is no more a German city than Paris. True, there are Germans there but you find Germans everywhere. You will find that **St. Louis** will send over some mighty good soldiers."

CAKE WALKS INTO BATTLE.

There is a New Orleans boy in the Foreign legion of the French army, and whether he is fighting or not he just can't make his feet behave when he hears a cake-walk tune. His name is **George W. Bracey** and it was a cake walk song that joggled him into battle.

Bracey joined in 1914 and went into training at the regular camp. When it came time for him to be sent to the front the Negro developed a most peculiar condition. His toes turned in; he could not march double

time without tumbling over his own feet. In fact, he had a bad case of pigeon toes.

The French surgeons were puzzled. They took x-ray photographs of **Bracey's** feet. They seemed perfectly normal but yet those toes couldn't behave. The doctors finally decided that the feet could be disciplined if put in braces and this was done. **Bracey** was kept in the hospital for a week with weights tied to his feet to straighten out the bones. When discharged the Negro was told to report to the drill grounds and was sent through marching formations. He reported but his toes still curved in at an angle of 45 degrees.

The doctors were mystified but the difficulty was unexpectedly cleared away. A night or so later while **Bracey** was listening to some music with his companions a cake walk tune was started. At the first bars **Bracey's** feet began to twitch.

Of a sudden he jumped to his feet and began to show the spectators a real, old-fashioned American cake walk. But his toes turned out and the next week **Bracey** was sent to the front with a contingent. **Bracey** got along tolerably well under ordinary conditions but when it came to the double quick step or a charge he had to whistle a cake walk tune. Usually his friends joined in.

Another Negro who has made a name for himself in the legion and who has been twice cited for bravery is **Bob Scanlon**, a former prize fighter of Brooklyn. **Scanlon** has been wounded in action three times, twice by exploding shells and once by a machine gun bullet. Despite his injuries he is again at the front and has taken part in the present French offensive.

GO BEYOND ORDERS.

On the occasion of his last wound the big Negro was in the thick of the fighting. The order had been given to take a section of the first line of opposing trench and hold it without proceeding any further. The legion obeyed the first part, but instead of remaining there they pushed on farther to the Germans' second line. In addition to the fire from the German guns the legionnaires also came under the fire of their own artillery which was pounding away at the Germans' second line trenches. After passing the remainder of the day and the whole night in a shell hole they finally managed to drag their way back to their own lines.

When he recently appeared here in a boxing exhibition **Scanlon** frankly told the spectators that he had enlisted in the legion because he "wanted to see a bit of fun," but he added he had received more than he bargained for.

"I never dreamed this scrap would last so long," said **Scanlon** with a grin. "I thought it would be over in six months. If I had known it would last three years, well, I would—"

"You would what?" roared the crowd. "It would have been just the same," the big black hastily added.

Quotations on "Junk" Are Widely Fluctuating But it Pays to Save the Waste

Rags, copper, old iron. Rags?

The telephone bell on the junk man's desk jingled on insistently.

"Would you give me the prices of scrap iron, old rags, paper and rubber?" came a voice. "I've just finished housecleaning and have all my old trash done up in neat bundles. They say everything is so high and so scarce that I'm expecting a good price for them. Now, I want to know just how much you are going to pay me for them."

"I don't want to disappoint you," the junk dealer said, "but we are paying less than half the price for paper we paid two months ago. You see the government has been investigating this reported scarcity of paper and they find that there isn't any scarcity at all. However, paper is higher, much higher, than it was before the war, so your saving is worth something after all."

Still the party at the other end of the line was not satisfied and insisted on some definite figures. "Tell me exactly the prices of some of these so-called wastes."

PRICES CHANGE RAPIDLY.

"You will only get yourself into trouble, young lady, if you give the prices to your friends and neighbors," he said. "Because what is true today is not true tomorrow, maybe, and the other women will be demanding that the peddlers pay them a certain price because that was the price someone told them. I can only tell you

that the prices are four and sometimes five times higher than they were several years ago. Other things that we paid one cent per pound for are selling at two cents; just twice as much again as it was four years ago."

"Then you won't tell me anything more about it?" The junk dealer has risen from a lowly place of hard work and meager wages to industrial importance and wealth. The war has materially helped his prosperity and unless the prices of junk sink far below anything they have ever been this prosperity will continue even after the war is ended.

RISE OF JUNK DEALER.

The story of the junk dealer who first went to a certain town and started gathering junk, going around with a pack on his back, is an old one and familiar to everyone. It is really true and typical as well. The story goes on to tell how after a few years the man reached the stage where he could afford a push wagon. Later he bought himself a horse and wagon and some years after that he was head of a junk dealers' association and had wagons working in every section of the town.

His home is a pretentious affair in a popular residential district, where his family is surrounded with luxuries.

According to some dealers the condition of the market today has been partly due to inflation and hoarding. Steel scrap is more in demand than any other waste because the large manufacturers are buying great quantities of it.

In some cities dealers are paying from 40 to 60 cents a hundred pounds for paper, 6 1/2 to 8 cents for lower

class rubber on up to 12 1/2 and 20 cents for the purest rubber. Rags are \$1.50 a hundred and all the dealers are anxious to get them.

There is an unprecedented demand for steel scrap and scrap iron and they are paying from 55 to 60 cents a hundred pounds for it. Iron is bound to go much higher, they say on account of its invaluable use.

STEEL DOMINANT FACTOR.

Steel is the dominant factor in war. Its rise in the stock market since the outbreak of the war has been nothing short of stupendous. It has increased in price two-fold and in some cases as many as five. Some of the following figures on the various kinds of steel are interesting. The United States Steel corporation, it says, alone will make \$300,000,000 at the close of this year. Other smaller steel corporations will report an increase of from 50 to 150 percent in their earnings according to the rating given.

Schwab, the great steel magnate of the United States, said that the United States would produce 40,000,000 tons or possibly 50,000,000, this year, compared to the 1,000,000 tons in 1880.

The newspapers, the thousands and thousands of them discarded daily, form another part of the so-called waste that has reached a price mark high above that ever reached in former years. Even the small scraps thrown about on the picnic grounds has their use. They are used almost entirely for the making of pasteboard boxes, such as dressmakers and shoe dealers use.

South Bend has the **Lasalle Paper mill** and the **Campbell Paper Box factory**, both of which do business on a very large scale but the largest factory manufac-

turing cardboard boxes exclusively is located outside of Philadelphia, Pa., on the Schuylkill river. Long strings of freight cars stand there every day with numbers of workmen who are employed to do the first sorting and unpacking of the bundles. The paper collectors are never careful to gather the paper alone and the bales contain litter of all descriptions, making the first sorting and unpacking an unpleasant task. Heavy clouds of dust and dirt rise from them and are sent flying in all directions.

TIN CANS VALUABLE.

Statistics of a not very recent date show that in one of the large cities old tin cans, valuable for solder and for cheap castings were sold at \$3.00 a ton.

Bottles, registered one, or ones having the name blown into the glass were sold at the rate of one cent each to the proprietor only. The plain bottles sold at \$1.50 per barrel and even the broken glass had a market value of 10 cents per bag.

It was said junk men purchased to the amount of \$1,000 per day. The yearly collections of old rubbers in the United States amounted to about 17,000 tons, of which some 600 tons per year were collected in the

borough of Manhattan alone. "Registered" bottles collected separately to 2,000,000, worth at that time \$20,000; plain bottles, 30,000,000, worth \$45,000; waste paper, \$2,000,000 worth; rags, \$75,000 worth. Only a small portion of the bits of carpet, string, iron, brass etc., amounting to several thousands of dollars goes to waste.

WHAT ONE CITY GETS.

The city department of New York since it has provided separate carts for dry rubbish, has received \$100,000 annually for the delivery of these collections to contractors. The various materials are divided and \$150,000 is paid to laborers to sort the waste into separate piles. Adding to these amounts the figures at the present prices paid for trash and an idea of the value of scrap might be obtained.

From Washington this year has come any number of articles on the saving of waste paper, old rags and practically every bit of waste as each one can be utilized in the making of new materials of some kind.

So, persist in saving and when the junk man comes your way have your bundle ready waiting for him.

"They Also Serve" Who Stay Behind---and Work

By Marian Bonsall Davis.

"The Red Cross," said the mother of three young men who have just put on the khaki, "is my training camp. It is for me my military duty. It gives me a chance to be a soldier with my sons."

"Sometimes a company from the armory or a band of boy scouts marching with life and drums passes my window. Looking at them I see in my mind all our boys at all our training camps, learning their new lessons, testing their endurance. And we mothers can't take care of them. They're gone into their man's world."

"I think I can imagine some of the emotions that are being born in them. They are so young—their eyes are misty, sometimes, as they march. Already they must look sometimes into the soldiers' immortality—at guard mount—taps on last Memorial day."

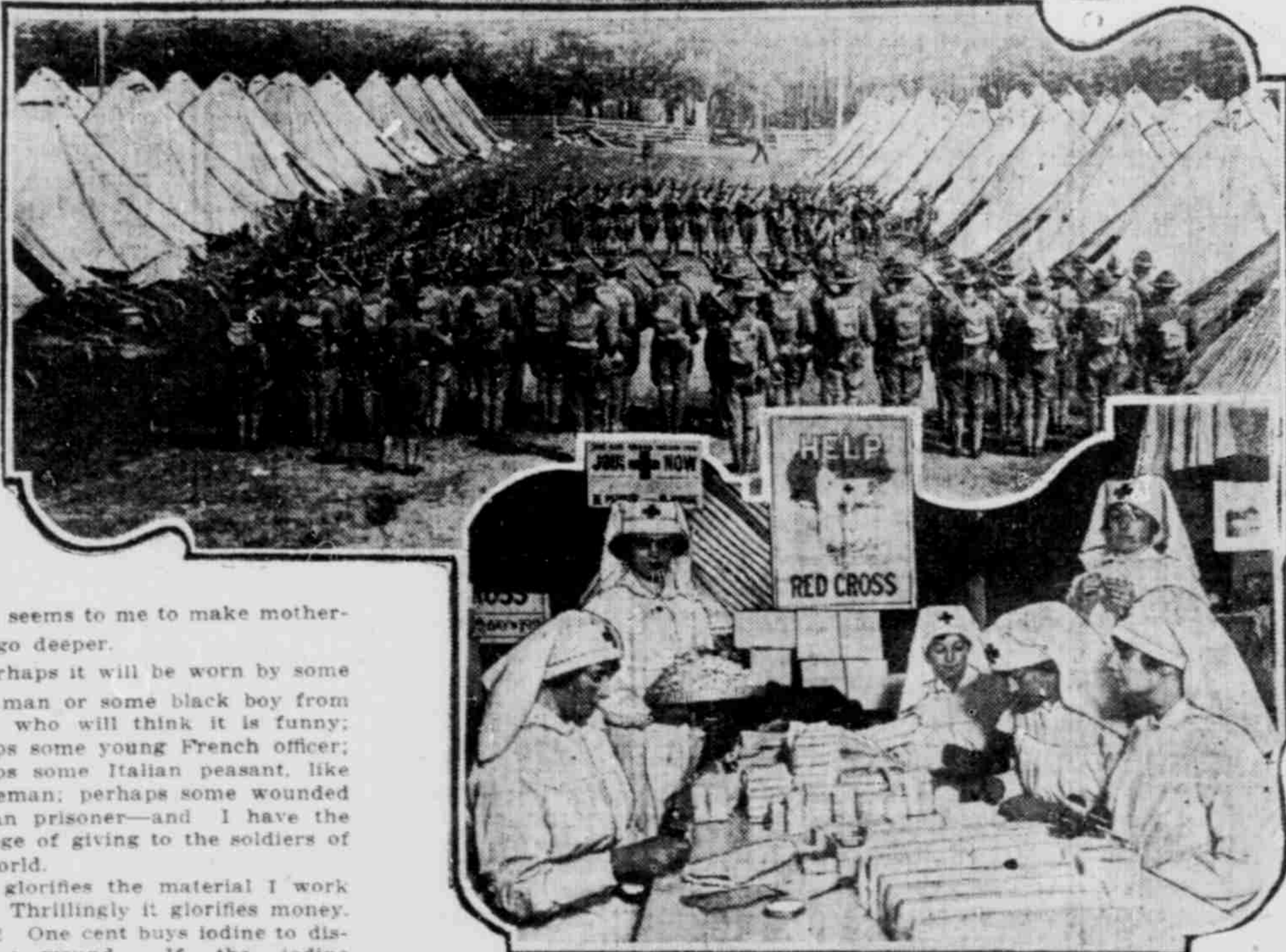
"It is hard to be a woman. Yet, if it were not for me these three clear eyed boys with their straight backs, their flushed, damp faces and their passionate young idealism would not exist. Because of me there are three soldiers serving the colors."

"It is glorious to be a woman. I take up my sewing box and sew a little red cross on the jacket of the pajamas I am making, and wonder who will wear it and what the red cross will make him think of. Curiously, even if my boys are in the hospital to which this garment goes, I want it to be worn by some other mother's boy; and I want my boys to wear the things made by some other mother. Some-

way it seems to me to make motherhood go deeper.

"Perhaps it will be worn by some black man or some black boy from Africa who will think it is funny; perhaps some young French officer; perhaps some Italian peasant, like my iceman; perhaps some wounded German prisoner—and I have the privilege of giving to the soldiers of the world."

"It glorifies the material I work with. Thrillingly it glorifies money. Think! One cent buys iodine to disinfect a wound. If the iodine shouldn't be there—but it won't fail. Mothers and fathers won't let it fail, now they know."



Red Cross Workshops are the Humanitarian Plattsburghs in Which Women are Doing a Bit Comparable in Importance to That of the Men in Training.

Here's Guard Roster of Two of South Bend's Companies, Co. F Needs 41 More Recruits

Following is a list of the members of Co. F and the machine gun company of the third regiment Indiana infantry, national guard. It shows an enlisted strength of 109 men for Co. F. War strength which is now required of all national guard companies by the federal government is 150 men. South Bend municipally is head and shoulders above most of the other cities of northern Indiana, but militarily it is lagging, officers say. The machine gun company is up to its required strength of 74 men but Co. F needs 41 men.

MACHINE GUN COMPANY.

Captain, Guy E. Kimball.
First lieutenant, Lawrence R. Rhoderfer.
Second lieutenant, Raymond B. Williams.
Second lieutenant, George W. Healy.

First sergeant, James J. Runyan.
Sgt. sergeant, William S. Clinton.
Sergeant, George Smith.
Corporal, John Comrad.
Corporal, Thor Nybladh.

Privates:
Peter Aye, Samuel L. Asire.
Fred M. Baumgartner, Martin Ruckowski, Roland E. Baker, Walter L. Bedenkop.

Clifford P. Cripe, Forest W. Crothers, Frank Conklin.
Louis J. DeKe, Emil de Wispe-laere, Edwin L. Davies, Walter A. Drawer, Clarence Daley, Harry E. Damsy.
Wade Furnish, Forest N. Farmer, Edward M. Flanagan, Peter F. Fallon.

Joseph P. Gruse, Ray Goheen, Harold Gayman, Sanford Goodrick, William Greene, Peter Garzoz, Chester L. Glascock, John Grey, William E. Glaub.
George Hart, John Hoven, Harry

B. Havens, Edward L. Hart, John Hancock.
Joseph Johns.
Vincent Kendziora, George Kelley, Oscar Krine.

Bernard H. Lootens, Bronislaw Lichnerowicz, Leo B. Lyons.
Russell F. Moran, Buel H. Miller, Delno E. Mossholder, Earl B. Muffley, Howard Madison, Harold D. Marquis, Henry K. Magee, Presler A. Millbern, Evert Miller, Benjamin F. McFarland.

Gustav T. Ott.
Michael A. Pukrop, William J. Pesta.
Theodore Refner, James C. Robinson, Alfred Ruhl, Paul E. Roschek, Horace H. Rike.

John C. Smith, Chester H. Sinnati, Harvey L. Steffe, Teofil Sterek, Albert R. Saenger, Leon W. Schult, James Stonebraker, Arnold F. Studer, Ralph Steinback.

James D. Van Frank.
Carl Whiteman, Frank Wydrzn-ski.

CO. F, THIRD IND. INF.

Captain, Clinton D. Rogers.
First lieutenant, Otto D. Dietl.
Sergeant, Harvey Hepler.
Sergeant, Walter E. Mybeck.
Sergeant, Ross Stacher.
Sergeant, Edward Smith.

Corporal, Arthur Burns, Martin Geist, Perry Stacher.
Corporal, Casmer Sobsoak, John Evans.
Privates, first class:
Sophus T. Adolphson, Milo D. Bowers, Raymond Eby, Charles Felton, James Frain, Fred Gunnelt, Ralph Loboush, Warren Machemer, Meredith Moore, Edward G. Pfeffer, Jess O. Powers, William Rybacki, Lansing Stricker, Basil F. Stroup, Hugh Van Arsdalen.
George H. Bauer, James Beard,

Roy Beard, William Beville, Leo Billinski, Cyril Bollaeft, Cecil Bottorff, Hallett Bottorff, James G. Brown.

Carl Cabanaw.
George L. Dayton, Morris De Munch, Henry DeSmul.
Delford E. Eaton, Arthur Engel, John G. Evans.

Lester Fanner, John T. Foster.
Perry Gnivecki, Emal Flaska, William Gilmore, John Guicki, Thomas Gramza, Frank Gramza.
Everett E. Hardy, Earl Heiner, Homer Hull.

Lester Jacomet, Frank Jozowski, Joseph Kendziora, Harry J. Klein, Henry Klososki, Vern Kling, Anthony Kreczmer, Steve Kreczmer, Albin Kolupa, Steve Kujawski, Walter Kujawski.
Arthur Leach, Clarence Lichty, Harry McAllister, Claude Mc-Millen, Charles E. Maszert, Anthony Magera, Robert Main, Stanley Makieliski, Harvey Marsh, Alva Melsner, Walter Mikolajczak, Walter B. Modracki, Fred B. Moss, Adam Marcinak.

Ferdand Nalazek, Ralph Nichols, Herbert F. Nimz, Frank Obarski, Arthur Osborn, Henry Patterson, Willard Petty, William Przewor.

Stanley Raybuck, Frank Rans-berzer.
Elmer Schutz, George Schiete-catte, Ivan Shaw, Shirley Simmons, Leo Smith, Benjamin Sobocki, Seale Spencer, Wladyslaw Stefan-iak, Fred W. Steen, Frank Strzel-ekki, John Strzelecki, Edward S. Susan.

Louis Tackels, Forrest Townsend, Arthur VanLake, Robert Ver-mande.
George Wasoski, Arthur Weaver, Alton Whipple, Frank Whitfield, John Whitney, Steve Wroblewski, Anthony Zdzankus.